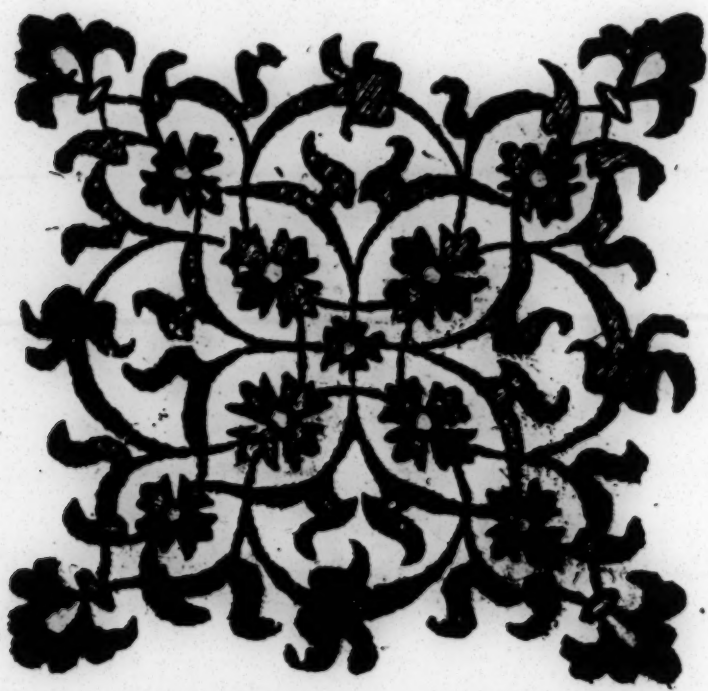




THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

Composed into Scottis Meeter, be
ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

Printed according to a Copie corrected be
the Author himselfe.



EDINBURGH,

Printed be Robert Walde-graue

Prenter to the Kings Majestie.

Anno 1597.

Cum Privilegio Regio.

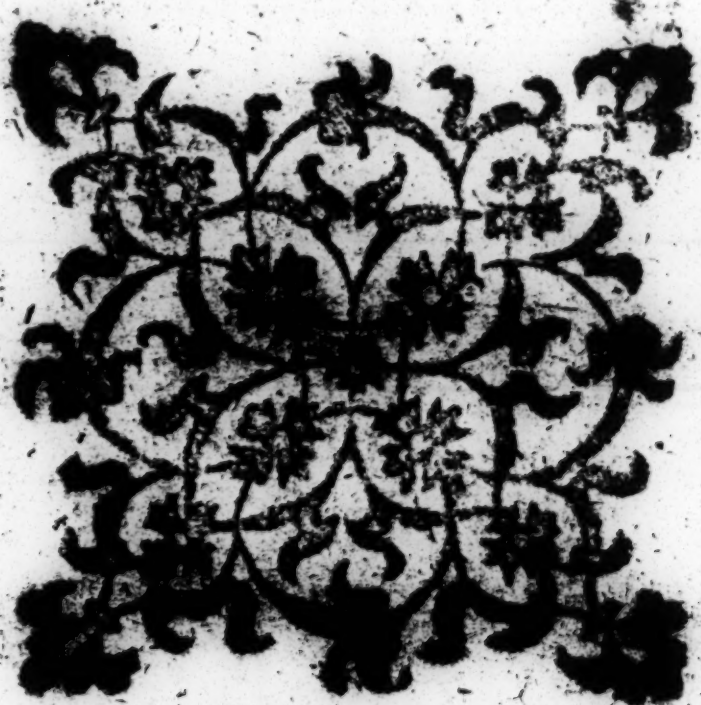
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THE CHERRIE
AND THE SLAE

As it was sung by the
ALEXANDER MONAGOMERY
in the year 1591



Printed by Robert Waldegrave
Printer to the Kings Majesty.
Anno 1591.

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THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.



A Bout ane bank quhair birdis ord wis
Ten thousand tymis thair doun wis
The house into the day
The Merle, the Proug, and the Phelthame,
Quhilk causit me to stay:
I lay and leynt me to my bus,
To heir the birdis
Thair mirth was all the day,
Throw naire of the day
Sum singin, sum springin,
With wings into the sky
So trimlie and so light,
Thir birdis they were wyte.

I saw the buck and the deer,
Quha fed among the flowris fair,
Wer happing in the day,
I saw the Cuning, the Clerk, the Clerk,
Quha was doun in the day,
With monie beistis melle and wyte,
The Hawk, the Owl, the Owl,
The Fowmar, the Fowmar,
War with the Fowmar,
Among the walds and the day.

Adm. Bib.

Let our blude in
With skipping, and topping,
Thay hantitall in pairis.

THE CHERRY

The air was so temperate,
But ony myst Immaculate,
Bot pure feit and cleir:

The flouris fair wer flurischit,
As nature had them nurischit,
Baith delicate and deir:

And every blome on branche and bewch
So prettily wer spreid,
And hang their heidis out ovir the hewch,
In Mayis colour cled.

Sum knopping, sum dropping,

Of balmic liquor sweet:

Distelling, and smelling,

Throw Phoebe hail sum heit.

The Cuckow and the Gulcher cryde,
The Turtle on the wast syde,
Na plesure was to play:

So schil in sorrow was her sang,

That throu her voice therochtung,

For Eccho answertay:

Lamenting fair Narcisse,

Quha staruie Obdurate:

Quha with the fildome of his face

For lufe did slay him selfe

Quhylls weeping and weiping,

About the well heid:

Quhylls lying quhylls lying,

Bot it na answertay.

AND THE SLAET

The dew as diamonds did hing,
vpon the tender twistis, and zing,
Ouir-twinkling all the treis:

And ay quhair flowers flourish faire,
Thair suddainly I saw repaire,
In swarms the fownding bells:

Sum sweetly hes the hony socht,
Quhil they war doggit soir:

Sum willingly the waxe hes wrocht,
To heip it vp in flor:

So heiping, with keiping,

Into thair hyuisthey hyde it:

Precyselie, and wyfelic,

For winter they pronyde it.

To pen the pleasures of that Park,
How euery blossome, branch, and bark,
Agaynst the Sun did schyne:

I leif to Poetis to compile,
In staitlie verse, and dooty style,
It passis my ingyne:

Bot as I moffr myne allane,
I saw an River rine

Out ouir ane caggie thok of stane,
Syne lichtit in ane

With tumbling, and rumbling,
amang the rocks rounde

Dewalling, and falling,
Into that pit profound

To heip the starting streis clein

Me thocht it musique to the ear,
Quhair

With Triblesweet, and Dourist,

And

THE CHERIE

And ay the Echo repeatit,
Hir *Diapason* sound:

Set with the *Ci-sol-fa-uth* cleife,
Thairby to know the note:

Thair soundt a richtir semibreif,
Out of the Elphis throte.

Discreitlie, mair sweitlie,
Nor craftie *Amphion*:

Or musis, tharvis,
At fountaine *Helicon*.

Quha wald haue tyrit to heir that tune,
Quhilk bidis corroborate ay abune,
Throw schowting of the Larkis:

Sum flies sa high into the skyis,
Quhill *Cupid* walkinnes with the cryis,
Of natures chappell clarkis:

Quha leving all the hevins aboue,
Alighted in the eird:

Loe how that little God of loue,
Befoir me thair appeird:

So myld-lyke, and chyld-lyke,
With bow thrie quarteris scant:

So moylie and coylye,
He lukit like ane Sant.

Ane cleintie Crispet hang our his cyis,
His quauer by his naked Thryis,
Hang in ane silver lace:

Of gold betwix his schoulders grew,
Twa pretty wingis quhairwith he flew,
On his left arme ane bow:

This God aff all his gethefoll,
And laid it on the grund:

AND THEOSIAE.

I ran als busie for to find,
Quhair ferleis hie be funde

Amasit, I gasit,

To see that geir sa gay:

Perfawing, my hawing,

He countit me his pray:

Quhat wald thou giue my friend quod he,
To haif thae prettie wings to fle,
To sport thee for a cullyle:

Or quhat gif I suld len thee hel,
My bow and all my schutting gen,
Sumbodie to begyle:

That geir quod I can nor be bocht,
Zit I wald haif it faine:

Quhat gif, quod he, it cost thee nocht,
Bot randring it againe:

His wings than, he brings than,

All band them on my back:

Go fle now, quod he now,

And so my self I tak.

I sprang vp on Cupides wings,
Quha bow and quhair bath relingis,
To lend me for aie day:

As Icarus with borrowit flight,
I mountit hiear nor I might,
Ouir perrelous aie play:

Than furth I saw that deidlie dairt,
Quhilk sumtyme I chof his mother:

Quhair with I hurt my wairon heart,
In hope to hurt aie vther:

It hurt me, it hurt me,

The oftner I handill

THE CHERIE

Cum se now, in menow, and al the
The butterflie and taudill

As scho delytis into the low,
Sa was I browdin in my bow,
Als ignorant as scho:
And as scho flies quhill sche be fyrit,
Sawith the dar that I desyre,
My hand hes hurt me to:

As fulisch Phaeton be sure,
His father is Carr obtene:
I langt in Luiss bow to shute,
Bot weist not what it meind:

Mair wilfull, than skilfull,

To flie I was so fond:

Desyryng, Impyryng,

And sa was sene vpon

To late I knew quha hevis to hic,
The spail fall fall into his cic,
To late I went to Scullis:

To late I heard the swallow preiche,
To late Experience dois teiche,
The Skuil-maister of fowls:

To late to fynde the nest I seek,

Quhen all the birdis are flown:

To late the stabill dore I seek,

Quhen all the steids are stowin:

To late, ay, their stay,

All full of folk and chere:

Behynd so, thy wale,

Remeid and so do I.

Gif I had ryppell bene any,
I had not rashly thus pryng

AND THE SLAE

To soir with borrowit pennis:

Nor zit had laied the archer craft,
Nor schot my self with sik a schaft,
As resoun quyte miskennis:

Fra wilfulnes gaue me my wound,
I had na force to flie:

Then came I granand to the ground,
Freind welcome hame quod he:

Quhair flew ze, quhome flew ze,
Or quha bringis hame the buiding:
I sie now, quod he now,
Ze haif bene at the schuting.

As skorne cummis commonlie with skaith,
Sa I behuifit to byde them baith,
O quhat an stakkering stait!

For vnder cure I gat sik chek,
Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek
Bot eyther stail or mait.

My agonie was sa extreme,
I swelt and soundt for feir:

Bot or I walkynnit of my dreme,
He spulzeid me of my geir:

With flicht than, on hicht than,
Sprang *Cupid* in the skyis:
Forzetting, and setting,
At nocht my cairfull cryis.

Sa lang with sicht I followit him,
Quhill baith my feiblit eyis grew dim,
With staruing on the starnis.

Quhilk flew sa thick befor my ein,
Sum reid, sum zellow, blew and grein,
Sa trublit all my harnis:

THE CHERRIE

Quhill every thing apperit two,
To my barbuilzeit braine:

Bot lang micht I lye luiking so,
Or *Cupid* come againe:

Quhais thundring, with wondring,
I hard vp throw the air:
Throw cluddis so, he thuddis so,
And flew I wist not quhair.

Fra that I saw that God was gane,
And I in langour left allane,
And sair tormentit to:

Sum time I sicht quhill I was sad,
Sum tyme I musit and maist gane mad,
I wist not quhat to do:

Sum tyme I ravit halfe in a rage,
Asane into dispaire:

To be opprest with sic ane page
Lord gif my heart was faire:

Like *Dido*, *Cepido*,

I widill and I warye:

Quha rest me, and left me,
In sik a feirie-farye.

Then felt I Curage and Desyre,
Inflame my heart with vncouth fyre,
To me befor vnknawin:

Bot now na blud in me remaines,
Vnbrunt and boild within my vaines,
By luffis bellies blawin:

To quench it or I was deuorit,
With fishes I went about:

Bot ay the mair I schape to smorit,
The baulder it brak out:

AND THE SLAE-

Ay preising, but ceising,
Quhill it may breik the boundis:
My hew so, furth schew so,
The dolour of my woundis.

With deidlie visage pail, and wan,
Mair likeane Atomie nor man,
I widdirit cleine away:

As wax befor the fyre I felt,
My hart within my bosome melt,
And pece and pece decay:

My vaines with brangling like to brek,
My punsis lap with pith:

Saferuently did me infek,
That I was vext thairwith:

My hart ay, did start ay,
The fyrie flamis to flie:

Ay houping, throw louping,
To win to liberty.

But ô alace byde it behuissit,
Within my cairfull corpis incluiſſit,
In presoun of my breist:

With sichis sa Sowpit and ouirset,
Like to an fische fast in the net,
In deid-thraw vndeceist:

Quhathocht in vaine dois striue for strenth,
For to pull out heir heid:

Quhilk profitis na thing at the lenth,
Bot haistes hir to hir deid.

With wristing, and thirsting,

The faster still is scho:

Thair I so, did lye so,

My death advancing to.

12
THE CHERRIE

The mair I wrestlit with the wynd,
The faschter still my self I fynd,
Na mirth my mynd nicht mease:

Mair noy nor I had neuer nane,
I was fa alterit and ouirgane,
Throw drowth of my disease:

Than weakly as I nicht I rayis,
My sicht grewe dim and dark:

I stakkerit at the windil-strayis,
Na takin I was stark:

Baith sichrles, and michtles,

I grew almaist at ainis:

In angwische, I langwische,
With mony grievous grainis.

With sober pace I did approche,
Hard to the Riuer and the Roche,
Quhair of I spak befoir:

Quhais running sic a murmure maid,
That to the Sey it softlie flaid,
The craig was high and schoir:

Than pleasur did me so prouok,
Perforce thair to repaire:

Betwix the Riuer and the Rok,
Quhair hope grew with dispaire:

A trie than, I sie than,

Of CHERRIES in the braes,
Belaw to, I saw to,

Ane bus of bitter SLAES.

The CHERRIES hang abune my heid,
Lyke twinkland Rubies round and reid,
So hich vp in the hewch:

Quhais schaddowis in the riuer schew,

Als

AND THE SLAE.

Als graithlie glansing as they grewe,
On trimbling twistis tewch:

Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair birth,
Inclining downe thair toppis:

Reflex of *Phæbus* of the firth,
Newe colourit all thair knoppis:

With dansing, and glansing,

In tirles dornik champ:

Ay streimand, and gleimand,

Throw brichtnes of that lamp.

With earnest eye quhil I espye,
The fruit betwixt me and the skye,
Halfe gaite almaist to hevin:

The craig sa cumberfume to clim,
The trie sa hich of growth and trim,
As ony arrowe evin:

I cald to minde how *Daphne* did,
Within the Laurell schrink:

Quhen from *Appolla* scho hir hid,
A thousand times I think:

That trie then, to me then,

As he his laurell thocht:

Aspyring, but tyring,

To get that fruit I socht.

To clime the Craige it was na buit,
Lat be to presse to pull the fruit,
In top of all the trie:

I saw na way quhairby to cum,
Be ony craft to get it clum,
Appeirandly to me:

The craig was vgly stay & dreich
The trie heich lang and smal.

THE CHERRIE!

I was affrayd to mount sa hich,
For feir to get ane fall:
Affrayit, To say it,
I luikit vp on loft:
Quhiles minting, quhiles stinting,
My purpose changit oft.

Then Dreid, with Danger, and Dispaire,
Forbad my minting anie mair,
To raxe about my reiche:

Quhat tusche, quod Curage man go to,
He is bot daft that hes ado,
And spairis for euery speiche:

For I haue oft hard wise men say,
And we may see our sellis:

That fortune helps the hardie ay,
And pultrones plaine repellis:

Than feir not, nor heir not,
Dreid, Danger, or Dispaire:
To fazarts, hard hazarts,
Is deid or thy cume thair.

Quha speidis bot sic, as heich aspyris,
Quha triumphis nocht, bot sic as tyris,
To win a nobill name:

Of schrinking, quhat bot schame succedis,
Than do as thou wald haif thy deidis,
In register of fame:

I put the cais thou nocht preuaild,
Sa thou with honour die:

Thy lyfe bot not thy courage faild,
Sall Poetis pen of the:

Thy name than, from fame than,
Sall neuir be cut aff:

Thy

AND THE SLAE.

Thy graifay, fall haifay,
That honest Epitaff.

Quhat can thou losse, quhen honour lyuis,
Renowne thy verteway reuyuis,
Gif valiauntlie thou end:

Quod Danger, hule freind, tak heid,
Vntymous spurring spillis the Steid,
Tak tent quhat ze pretend:

Thocht Courage counsell thee to clim,
Bewar, thou kep na skaith:

Haif thou na help bot Hope & him
They may beguyle the baith:

Thy sell now, can sell now,
The counsell of thae Clarkis;
quhair throw zit, I trow zit,
Thy breist dois beir the markis.

Brunt bairn with fyre the danger dreidis,
Sa I beleif thy bosome bleidis,
Sen last that fyre thou felt:

Besydis this, seindill tymis the seis,
That euer Curage keipis the keyis,
Of knowledge at his belt:

Thocht he bid fordwart with the gunnis,
Small powder he prouydis,

Be not ane novice of the Nunnis,
That saw nocht baith the sydis:

Euil-haist ay, ahmaist ay,
Ouirsylic the ficht of sum:
quha huikis not, nor lukis not
quhat eftirward may cum.

Zit Wisdome wischis the to wey,
This figour of Philosophey,

THE CHERRIE

A lesson worth to leir:

Quhilk is in time for to tak tent,
And not when time is past repent,
And buy repentance deir:

Is thair na honour efter lyfe,
Except thou slay thy self:

Quhairfoir hes *Atropus* that knyfe,
I trow thou cannot tell.

That but it, wald cut it,

That *Clotho* skairse hes spun:

Destroying, thy ioying,

Befoire it be begun.

All ouirs at repit to be vyce,
Ore hich, ore law, ore rasch ore nyce:
Ore heit, or zit ore cauld:

Thou seemes vnconstant be thy sings,
Thy thocht is one ane thousand things,
Thou wattis not quhat thou wald:

Let fame hir pittie on the powre,
Quhan all thy banes ar brokin:

Zone SLAE suppose thou think it soure,
May satisfie to slokkin:

Thy drouth now, O youth now,

Quhilk drowins thee with desyre:

Aswage than, thy rage man,

Foull water quenches fyre.

Quhat fule art thou to die of thirst,
And now may quench it gif thou list,
So easile but paine:

Maire honor is to vanquish ane,
Nor feicht with tensum and be tane,
And outhur hurt or flaine:

Now

AND THE SLAE

The prattick is to bring to passe,
And not to enterprife:

And als giud drinking out of glas,
As gold in ony wise.

I leuir, haue euer,
Ané foule in hand or tway:
Nor seand, ten fleand,
About me all the day.

Luik quhair to licht before thou loup,
And slip na certenty for Houp,
Quha gydis thee bot be gesse:

Quod Curage, Cowartis takis na cuire,
To sit with schame sa thay be suire,
I like them all the lesse:

Quhat plesure purchest is but paine,
Or honor wyn with eis:

He will not ly quhair he is flaine,
That douttis befor he dies.

For feir than, I heir than,
But onlie ane Remeid:

That lattis, and that is,
For to cut of the heid.

Quhat is the way to heill thy hurt,
Quhat way is thair to stay thy sturt,
Quhat meinis may make thee merrie:

Quhat is the comfort that thou cravis,
Suppose thir Sophistis thee decewis,
Thou knawis it is the **C H E R R I E**:

Sen for it only thou bot thriftis,
The **S L A E** can be na buit:

In it also thy health consistis,
And in na vther fruit:

C

Thou

THE CHERRIE

Thou quaikis now, and schaikis now,
And studeys at our strife:
Advise thee, it lies thee,
On nales northy life.

Gif ony pacient wald be pancit,
Quhy suld he loup quhen he is lancit
Or schrink quhen he is schorne:

For I haue hard Chirurgianes say,
Oft times deferring of ane day,
Micht not be mend the morne:

Tak time in time or time be tint
For tyme will not remaine:

Quhat force hes fire out of the flint
Bot als hard match againe:

Delay not, and stay not,
And thou sal sie it swae:

So gets ay, that sets ay,
Stout stomackis to the brae.

Thocht all beginnings be most hard,
And yschewis plesand efterward,
Then schrink not for ane schoure:

Fra anes that thou thy grening get,
Thy paine and trauel is forzet,
The sweit exceid is the foure:

Go to than quisklie feir not thir,
For hope gud hap hes hecht:

Quod Danger be not foddane Sir,
The mater is of wecht:

First spye baith, syne try baith,

Adurifement dois naill:

I say than, ze may than,

Be wilful quhen ze will,

Bot

AND THE SLAVE

Bot zet to mynd the proverbe call,
Quha vſis perrillis perische fall,
Schort quhile thair lyfe them laſtis:

And I haif hard (quod Hope) that he,
Sall nevir ſchaip to ſayle the Se,
That for all perrils caſtis:

How many throw diſpaire ar deid,
That neuer perrillis preiuit:

How many alſo gif thou reid,
Of liues we haue releiuit:

Qnha being, euin deing,

But Danger, bot Diſpaire:

A hunder, I wonder,

Bot thou hes hard declaird.

Gif we twa hald not vp thy hart,
quhilk is the cheife and nobleſt part,
Thy wark wald not gang weill:

Conſiddering thae companions can,
Perſwade a ſillie ſimpl man,
To hazard for his heill:

Suppoſe they haue default ſome,
Or thay and we micht ineit:

Thay get na credit quhair we come,
In ony man of Spreit:

Be reſoun, thair treſſoun,

Be vs is firſt eſpyit:

Reveiling, thair deiling,

quhilk dowe not be denyit.

With ſleikit Sophiſmis ſeiming ſweet,
As all their doings war diſcreit,
Thay wiſche thee to be wiſe:

Poſtponing tyme from hour to hour,

THE CHERRIE

Bot faith in vnderneath the flour,
The lurking Serpent lyes:

Suppois thou seis hir not a styme,
Till tyme scho sting thy fute:

Perfawis thou nocht quhat precious tyme,
Thy flewthing dois ouirschute:

Allace man, thy cace man,
In lingring I lament:

Go to now, and do now,
That Curage be content.

Quhat gif Melancholie cum in,
And get an grip or thou begin,
Than is thy labour lost:

For he will hald thee hard and fast,
Till tyme and place and fruit be past,
Till thou giue vp the ghost:

Than sal be graud vpon the stane,
Quhilk on thy graue beis laid:

Sum tyme their liued sik a ane,
Bot how suld it be said:

Heir lyes now, but prise now,
Into dishonors bed:

Ane cowart, as thou art,
That from his fortune fled:

Imagyne man gif thou were laid,
In graue and syne micht heir this said,
Wald thou nocht sweit for schame:

Yes faith I doubt not bot thou wald,
Thairfoir gif thou hes eyis behald,
How they wald smoir thy fame:

Go to, and make na mair excuse,
Now life or honor lose:

AND THE SLAE.

And outhert hem or vs refuis,
Thair is na vther chofe:

Consider, togidder,
That we can neuer dwell:
At length ay, at strength aye,
Thae pultrons we expell.

Quod Danger sen I vnderstand,
That counfall can be na command,
I haif na mair to say:

Except gif that hethocht it gude,
Take counfall zit or ze conclude,
Of wyser men nor thay:

They are bot rakles, zoung, and rasche,
Suppois thay think vs fleid:

Gif of our fellowschip you fasche,
Gang with tham hardlie beid:

God speid zou, thay leid zou,
That hes not meikill wit:
Expell vs, and tell vs,
Heirefter comes not zit.

Quhyle Danger, and Dispair retyrit,
Experience came in and speirit,
Quhat all the matter meind:

With him came Resson, Wit, and Skill,
And thay began to speir at Will,
Quhair mak ze to my freind:

To pluk zone lustie **CHERRIE** loc,
Quod he and not the **SLAE**:

Quod thay is thair na mair adoe,
Or ze cum vp the brae:

Bot to it, and do it,

Perforce the fruit to pluck:

Weill

THE CHERRIE

Weill brother, some vther,
Wer meter to conduct.

I grant ze may be gude aneuch,
Bot zit the hazard of zon hewch,
Requyris ane grauer gyde:

As wyse as ze ar may gang wrang,
Thairfore tak counsaill or ze gang,
Of sum that standis besyde:

Bot quhilk wer zone thrie ze forbad,
Zour company richt now:

Quod Will thre prechours to perswad,
The poysond S L A E to pow:

Thy tratlit, and ratlit,
A lang half houre and mair:
Foul fall them, they call them,
Dreid Danger and Dispaire.

Thay ar maire faschious nor of feck,
Zon faizardis durst not for thair neck,
Clim vp the Craig with vs:

Fra we determinit to die,
Or else to clime zone C H E R R I E trie:
Thay baid about the bus,

Thay ar conditionate like the Cat,
They wald not weit their feit:

Bot zit gif of the fruit we gat,
Thay wald be fayne to eit:

Thocht thay now, I say now,
To hazard hes na hart:

Zit luck we, and plück we,
The fruit they wald haue part.

Bot fra we get our voyage wun,
They fall not than the C H E R R I E cun,

That

AND THE SLAE.

That wald not enterpryse:

Weill quod Experience ze boist,
Bothe that countis without his oist,
Oft tymes he countis twyse:

Ze sell the Beir skin on his back,
Bot byde quhill ze it get:

Quhen ze haue done its tyme to crak,
Ze fische befor the net:

Quhat haist Sir, ze taist Sir,
The C H E R R I E or ze pow it:
Bewar zit, ze ar zit,
Mair talkatiue nor trow it.

Call Danger back againe quod Skill,
To se quhat he can say to Will,
We see him schod sa strait:

We may nocht trow that ilkane tellis,
(Quod Curage) we concludit ellis,
He seru is not for our nait:

For I can tell zou all perqueir,
His counsaill or he cum:

Quod Will, quhairto suld he cume heir,
He can not hald his tung.

He speikis ay, and seikis ay,

Delay of time be driftis:

He greuis vs, and deues vs,

With sophistries and schiftis.

Quod Resson quhy was he debard,
The tale is ill may not be hard,
Zit let vs heir him anis:

Than Danger to declair began,
How Hope and Curage ruik the man,
And led him all thair lanis:

THE CHERRIE

For they wald haif him vp the hill,
But outhert stop or stay:

And quha was welcomer nor Will,
He wald be formaist ay:

He culd do, and suld do,
Quha evir wald or nocht:
Sic speiding, proceeding,
Vnlikelie was Ithocht.

Thairfoir I wischt them to be war,
And raschlie not to ryn our far,
Without sik gydis as ze:

Quod Courage friend I heir zou fail,
Remember better on zour taill,
Ze sayd it culd not be:

Besydis that ze wald not consent,
That evir we suld clym:

Quod Will for my pairt I repent,
We saw them mair nor him:

For they ar, the stayer,
Of vs, alsweill as he;
I think now, they fchrink now,
Go fordward let them be,

Go, go, we do not heir bot guckis,
They say that voyage never luckis,
Quhair ilke ane hes ane vote:

Quod Wisdome grauelie, Sir I grant,
We wer na war zour vote to want,
Sum sentence heir I note:

Suppose ze speak it bot be gesse,
Sum fruit thairin I fynd:

Ze wald be fordward I confesse,
And cummis oft tymis behynd:

AND THE SLAE-

It may be, that thay be,
Dissauit that neuer doutit:
Indeid Sir, that heid Sir,
Hes meikill wit about it.

Than wilfull Will began to rage,
And sware he fand na thing in age,
Bot anger, yre, and grudge:
And for my selfe (quod he) I sweir.
To quyte all my companions heir,
And thay admit the Iudge:
Experience is grown sa auld,
That he begins to raue:
The laif but curage ar sa cauld,
Na hazarding thay haif:
For Danger, far stranger,
Hes maid them nor they war,
Ga fra them, we pra them,
That nouthar dow nor dar.

Quhy may nocht these thre leid this ane,
I led ane hunder all my lane,
But counfall of them all;
I grant quod Wisdom ze haue led
Bot I wald speir how many sped,
Or furderit but ane fall:
But vther few or nane I trow,
Experience can tell:
(He sayis) that man may wyte bot zow,
The first tyme that he fell:
He kenins now, quhais pennis now,
Thou borrowit him to flee:
His wounds zit, quhilk sounds zit,
He gat them than throw thee.

D

That

THE CHERRIE

That(quod Experience)is trew,
Will flatterit him when first he flew,
And set him in an Low:

Will was his Counsell and conuoy,
To borrow fra the blindit boy,
Baith quiver, wingis, and bow:

Quhairwith befoir he leyit to schuit,
He neither zeild to zouth:

Nor zit had neid of any fruit,
To quench his deidly drouth:

Quhilk pynis him, and dwynis him,
To deid he wattis not how:

Gif Will than, did ill than,
Himselfe remembers now.

For I Experience was thair,
Lyke as I vse to be all quhair,
Quhattyme he wytit Will

To be maist cause of his mischeif,
For I my self can be ane preif,
And witnes thairintill.

Thair is na boundis bot I haif bene
Nor hidlingis fra me hid:

Nor secret thingis bot I haif sene,
That he or onie did:

Thairfoir now, no moir now,
Lat him think to conceild:

For quhy now, euin I now,
Am detbound to reveild.

My custome is for to declair,
Thetreh, and nevir eik, nor pair,
For onie man ane jote:

Gif wil-full Will delyts in leis,

Exampil

AND THE SLAE-

Exampill in thy self thou seis,
How he can turne his cote,
And with his langage wald alluir,
Thee zitto brek thy bainis:
Sum tyme thou knawis gif he was suir,
Thou vfd his counsell ainis:
Quha wald zit, be bald zit,
To wrak thee, wer not we:
Think on now, of zon now,
Quod Wisdome than to me.

Weill, quod Experience, gif that he
Submittis himself to zow and me,
I wait quhat I suld say:
Our gude advyse he fall nocht want,
Provyding alwayis gif he grant,
To put zon Will away:
And banische baith him and Dispair,
That all gude purpose spillis:
Sa he will melle with them na mair
Lat them twa flyte thair fillis:
Sic coissing, but loissing,
All honest men may vse:
That change now, wer strange now,
Quod Ressoun to refuse.

Than all togidder they began,
To say cum on thou martyrit man,
And do as we deuyse:
Abasane bonie quhyle I baid,
And musd or I my answer maid,
I turnd me ainis ortwyse.
Behalding euerieane about,
I feird to speik in haist

THE CHERRIE

Sum scind affurd, sum dred for doubt,
Will ran Reid-wood almaist:

With wringing, and thringing,
His hands on vther dang:

Dispair to, for cair to,
Wald needs himselfe go hang.

Quhilk quhen Experience persauit,
Quod he remeber gif we raut,
As Will alledgit of laite:

Quhen as he sware na thing he saw,
In age bot anger slack, and slaw,
And cankerit of consait:

Ze culd not luck as he alledgit,
That all opinions sperit:

He was sa frak and fyerie edgit,
He thocht vs four bot feirit:

Quha pansis, on chancis,
(Quod he) na worschip winnis:
Ay some best, sall come best,
That hap weill rak weill rinnis.

Zit quod Experience behauld,
For all the tales that he hes tauld,
How he himselfe behaues:

Because Dispaire could come na speid,
Lo quhaire he hangs all bot the heid,
And in ane withie waues:

Gif zon be suir ains thou may se,
To men that with them mellis:

Gif thay had hurt or helpit the,
Consider be thame felfis:

Than chuse the, to vse the,
Be vs, or sik as zone:

AND THE SLAE.

Say sone now, haue done now,
Mak outhir aff or on.

Perfaues thou not quhairfra proccids,
The frantik fantasies that feids.
Thy furious flaming fyre:

Quhilk dois thy bailfull breist combuir,
That nane bot we (quod thay) can cuir,
Or knawis quhat dois requyre:

The persing passion of thy Spreit,
That waists thy vitall breath:

Hes holit thy heauie hart with heit,
Desyre drawes on thy death:

Thy punsis, Renuncis,
All kynd of quiet rest:
That fever, hes ever,
Thy person sa opprest.

Quod thay were thou acquaint with Skill,
He knawis quhat humors dois thee ill,
Quhair thou thy cares contrak is:

He knawis the ground of all thy grieve,
And Recept to for thy releife,
All medicines he makis:

Cum on quod Skil content am I,
To put my helping hand:
Provyding alwayis he apply,
To counsaill and command:

Quhill we than, quod he than,
Ar myndit to remaine:
Gif place now, in cace now,
Thou get vs not againe.

Assuure thy selfe gif that we sched,
Thou fall not get thy purpose sped,

THE CHERRIE

Tak tent, we haif thee tald:

Haif done and dryue nocht aff the day,
The man that will nocht quhen he may,
He fall not quhen he wald.

Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wist,
Except or giue vs oure:

Quod he I think me mair than blist,
To fynde sick famous foure:

Besyde me, to guyde me,
Now quhen I haif to doe:
Considering, the swidering,
Ze fand me first into.

Quhen Courage crau'd ane stomack stout,
And Danger draue me into dout,
With his companione Dreid:

Quhylis Will wald vp aboue the aire,
Quhylis I was dround into dispaire.
Quhylis hope held vp my heid:

So pithie resounis and Replyis,
On euery side they shewe,

That I quha was not verie wyis,
Thocht all thair tales was trew:

Samony, and bony,
All problemis thay proponde:
Baith quicklie, and liklie,
I marveld me kill ond,

Zit Hope and Curage wan the field,
Thocht Dreid and Danger nevir zeild,
Bot fled to fynde refuge:

Swa fra ze fowr mer they were fayne,
Because ze cauld them back againe,
And glad that ze war Iudge:

For

AND THE SLA E.

For thay were fugitiue befoir,
Now thay are frank and fre:

To speak and stand na aw na moir,
Quod reasoun swa suld be:

Oft tymes now, but crymes now,
Bot evin be force it falls:

The strang ay, with wrang ay,
Puttis waiker to the walls,

Quhilk is a fault thou man confesse,
Strenth is not ordaynd till oppresse,
With rigour by the richt:

Bot be the contrair to sustein,
The waikanes that oreburdenit bein,
Als meikill as thay micht:

Sa Hope and Curage did (quod I),
Experimented lyke:

Schaw skild and pithie resouns quhy,
That Danger lap the dyke:

Quod dreid Sir, tak heid Sir,
Lang speiking part man spil:
Insist not, ze wist not,
We went agains our will.

With curage ze were sa content,
Ze neuer socht our small consent,
Of vs ze stand na aw:

Thair logique resouns ze allowit
Ze ware determined to trow it,
Alledgence past for law:

For all the proverbs they pervsit,
Ze thocht them skantly skild:

Our resouns had bene als weill rusit,
Had ze bene als weill wild:

THE CHERRIE

Till our side, as zour side,
Sa trewlie is it term'd:
We se now, in thee now,
Affection dois affermd.

Experience then smyrkling smyld,
Wear na barnis to be begyld,
Quod he and schuik his heid:
For authours quha all edgis vs,
They may not ga about the bus,
For all thair deadly feid:



A SONET MADE BE THE same Authour.

*S*upreme Essence, beginning, unbegun,
My Trinall one, and undevided Three,
Eternall Worde, that victorie hes won,
Our Death, our Hell, triumphand on the Tree:
Foir-knowledge, Wisdome, and All-seand-eye.
Jehou.sh, Alpha, and Omega, all,
Like unto none, nor none like unto thee:
Vnm:isit, quha muiffis the rounds about the Ball:
Container, unconteind: is, was, and sall
Be Sempiternall, Mercifull and Iust,
Creator, uncreated, now I call,
Teich me thy trueth, since into thee I trust.
Increase, confirme, and kendill from aboue
My Fayth, my Hope, but by the leane, my Lowe.

FINIS.



